THE

WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

For MONDAY, October 6, 1800.

Hiſtory of the memorable Siege of Breda, in the Year 1625.

THE citadel of Breda, which formed the reſidence of the Princes of Orange, was ſurrounded by a ditch of prodigious depth filled with water, and a ſtrong wall defended by three great baſtions; and the arſenal was celebrated for its extent, and the vaſt quantities of arms and military ſtores it contained. Spinola, perfectly acquainted with the ſtrength of the place, thought he ſhould expoſe his whole army to imminent deſtruction, ſhould he attempt an aſſault before he had regularly carried on his approaches. He even reſolved upon reducing the city by famine, as the method attended with leaſt danger to his army; and accordingly began with drawing trenches round, for the ſpace of four miles, erecting forts and redoubts at certain diſtances.

On the other hand, the garriſon, conſiſting of ſeven thouſand infantry, and ſeveral troops of horſe, compoſed of Engliſh, French, and Dutch ſoldiers, took the moſt vigorous meaſures for their own defence. The Engliſh were under the command of Colonel Morgan, who had frequently diſtinguiſhed his valour in the ſervice of the States; the French were directed by Colonel de Hauterive; and the Dutch troops were ſubject to the immediate orders of Colonel Lohre, though the whole received their inſtructions from Juſtin de Naſſau, the Governor. The firſt advantage was gained by Baglioni, who ſeized a large convoy of proviſions and ſtores coming up the river, converting the boats into a

bridge. This loſs diſpirited the beſieged, and reduced them to a ſtated allowance of bread; and what added to their misfortunes, though they were ignorant of it, was the death of Prince Maurice, from whom they were in hopes of receiving relief.

Meanwhile Spinola proſecuted the ſiege with the utmoſt diligence and vigour. On his puſhing the trenches near the baſtions, the beſieged began a terrible fire to retard his approaches, and kept it up with ſuch vehemence and obſtinacy, that Spinola was in hopes they muſt ſoon ſurrender for want of ammunition. But here he formed a falſe judgment of the prudence of Juſtin de Naſſau, who finding he could not accompliſh his purpoſe by his firing, reſolved to try the effect of water. With this view, he ſtopped up the courſe of the river Marck; and having formed a large baſon of water, opened the ſluices, ſwept away men, horſes, and houſes, in an inundation, and overflowed the whole country. The chief force of the torrent fell upon Spinola's quarters, and he exerted his utmoſt ability to remove the conſequences. He dug large pits, and cut out ditches and canals to receive the water; but theſe being filled, and the whole ground covered over, ſo as to appear one uniform maſs of water, ſerved only to entrap his cavalry. The inundation was augmented by the rains which happened to fall; a mortality among the ſoldiers and horſes enſued; and of his whole army, Spinola had ſcarce twelve thouſand men fit for ſervice by the month of December. With theſe inconſiderable remains, lines of vaſt extent were to be defended, the works were to be advanced, the ſallies from the garriſon repulſed, and proviſions to be conveyed into the camp, while Spinola, the ſoul of action, was confined to a ſick-bed.

In the garriſon an epidemical diſeaſe and ſcarcity likewiſe prevailed; but the excellent regulations made, and ſtrictly obſerved, enabled the town to hold out three or four months beyond the time expected. The magiſtrates bought the corn for the bakers; obliging them to ſell the bread to the inhabitants and garriſon at the price affixed, and returning the overplus of their pay to the ſoldiers. A variety of other prudent regulations were eſtabliſhed by the magiſtrates and governor, ſuch as we do not find equalled by any inſtances recorded in hiſtory upon a ſimilar occaſion, and all evincing the ſteadineſs, ſagacity, courage, and ability, of Juſtin de Naſſau. A kind of rivalſhip appeared between him and Spinola, which ſhould beſt fulfil their ſeveral duties. The

Spaniſh

Spaniſh General cauſed himſelf to be carried about the works in a litter; he inſpected and directed every thing; and diſplayed the activity of full health at the time his life was in imminent danger from an acute malady. He ordered ſeveral breaches in the lines to be repaired. Theſe the Hollanders had made by ſap, with a view of introducing ſuccours to the beſieged. He drove piles into all the ditches and canals through which their boats could paſs. He made drains to clear off the waters of the river Marck; and ſucceeded in a great meaſure by dint of perſeverance, vigilance, and conduct. He was now reinforced with a body of eight thouſand foot, and one thouſand five hundred horſe; many of the ſick were perfectly recovered by his extreme care; and his army was again become formidable, amounting to twenty-five thouſand infantry and eight thouſand cavalry.

Nor was Prince Henry idle, who now ſucceeded to the titles and dominions of his brother Maurice, and was elected Governor of Holland, Zealand, Guelderland, Utrecht, and Overyſſel. He preſſed France for aſſiſtance, and was joined by a body of cavalry under the conduct of the Count de Rouſſi and the Marquis de Rambures. With this reinforcement, and a body of German infantry, he attacked the enemy's lines, and after an obſtinate conflict was repulſed. He advanced a ſecond time; but Spinola, who entertained a high opinion of his valour and conduct, did not chooſe to wait for him in his lines; he marched out with the greater part of his army, ſeized upon a convenient poſt, and obliged the Prince a ſecond time to retire toward Boiſleduc. Henry, finding no proſpect of being able to relieve the garriſon, ſent a permiſſion to the Governor to ſurrender on the beſt conditions he could obtain. This plan, which was ſigned with no name, fell into the hands of the beſiegers, and Spinola ſent it open, by a trumpet, to Juſtin de Naſſau, offering him an honourable capitulation; but that intrepid Governor, ſuſpecting the letter was forged, becauſe it was anonymous, replied civilly, that a permiſſion was not an order to ſurrender; and that he ſhould better follow the Prince of Orange's intention, and ſhow his reſpect for Spinola, by continuing to defend the city to the laſt extremity.

By this time the garriſon was diminiſhed by diſeaſe, fatigue, want, and hardſhip, to half the original number; but Juſtin put on ſuch a countenance as concealed his ſituation from Spinola. He frequently ſallied out upon Baglioni's quarters, where the Italians were periſhing with cold and

hunger, the whole ſubſiſtence of the beſiegers depending on the contributions raiſed in the neighbouring territories. This inconvenience produced a mutiny in the camp, that could not be appeaſed without applying violent remedies, and executing within ſight of the whole army the chief ringleaders. One of the mutineers blew up Spinola's chief magazine, valued at two hundred thouſand livres. Urged more by neceſſity than compaſſion for the beſieged, Spinola ſent a meſſage to the governor, exhorting him not to force him to extremities, which might be attended with fatal conſequences to a brave garriſon; but Juſtin with equal art and diſſimulation, anſwered, that Spinola was certainly ill ſerved by his ſpies, as he appeared wholly unacquainted with the ſtate of affairs in Breda, which was fully provided for a ſiege of ſeveral months, and defended by ſoldiers who preferred death to the neceſſity of ſurrendering.

At that time the beſieged were not informed of the death of the Prince of Orange. They flattered themſelves with the hopes of ſpeedy ſuccour, and were entirely ignorant of Prince Henry's late diſappointment. When they wrote to the army an account of their miſerable condition, Henry returned an anſwer, written with his own hand, and ſigned with his name, appriſing them of the death of Maurice, the unſucceſsful attempts made to raiſe the ſiege and throw in ſuccours, the great inferiority of his troops in point of numbers, and the death of King James, whereby he was diſappointed of a ſtrong reinforcement; concluding, that he left the city entirely to the diſcretion of the Governor and other principal officers. Juſtin was thunder-ſtruck with the contents of this letter. He had hitherto concealed the total want of proviſion and ammunition from the enemy, and his own garriſon, except a few officers and other perſons in whom he repoſed confidence. The Colonels Hauterive and Morgan would liſten to no propoſitions, ſaying, that the honour of their ſeveral countries was concerned, and that they were reſponſible for the conduct of the Engliſh and French forces. They therefore required an expreſs order from the Prince of Orange to ſurrender, notwithſtanding they pined under the united preſſure of fatigue, ſcarcity, and diſeaſe. Juſtin acquainted the Prince with their reſolution, and he ſent back an order to ſurrender, threatening with capital puniſhment whoever ſhould diſobey; but he requeſted that the garriſon would firſt acquaint him by a certain number of fires, lighted up in different parts of the city, how many days they ſhould be able to hold out.

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Upon receipt of this order, eleven fires were kindled; but as the Prince had ſent a duplicate of the order by another meſſenger, and this fell into the hands of the enemy, Spinola was now acquainted with the deſperate circumſtances of the beſieged. By this acquiſition he likewiſe diſcovered the myſtery of the eleven fires: a council of war was aſſembled to deliberate whether they ſhould ſtay the eleven days, and then oblige the garriſon to ſurrender at diſcretion, or immediately offer conditions worthy of ſo brave a garriſon. The Spaniſh officers were of the former opinion; the Count de Berg and Spinola ſupported the latter. At laſt the Marquis, determined to purſue the dictates of his noble generoſity, and ſent ſuch terms as could not be refuſed.

The Count de Berg conducted the negociation. Two ſeparate capitulations were drawn up, one for the garriſon, and the other for the city, and both the moſt honourable and advantageous that could be deviſed. They were accepted, and the garriſon marched out on the 6th of June, after having ſuſtained a ſiege for ten months, whereby they were diminiſhed two-thirds; nor was the loſs inferior on the part of the inhabitants. Spinola drew up his army to ſalute them, and, ſurrounded by his field officers, paid particular compliments to the Governor, the Colonels Morgan, Hauterive, and Lohre. He diſtributed money among the ſoldiers, ordered the ſick and wounded to be treated with the utmoſt tenderneſs, conveyed the reſt in a manner moſt commodious for them to Gertruydenburgh, and diſplayed all the ſentiments of a hero in the regard paid to the valour and merit of his enemies.

LADY MANGO.—A CHARACTER.

LADY Mango is the offſpring of a reſpectable grocer in the city, who having a variety of daughters, thought it a prudent ſpeculation to ſend the handſomeſt, and moſt troubleſome of them, on a matrimonial venture to Bengal; where ſhe had the good luck to hit the fancy of Mr. Mango, juſt after he had made an immenſe fortune by ſome very advantageous contracts. He paid aſſiduous court to the girl, made her ſplendid offers, and was in hopes of bringing the intrigue to a happy concluſion without marriage; but, profiting by the experience ſhe had had previous to her leaving London, ſhe rejected all terms in which that ceremony was

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not an article. After a hard ſtruggle between his prudence and his paſſion, the latter obtained the victory, and Mr. Mango was married to Miſs Figgs.

He was one of thoſe men who put a great importance on whatever contributes to their own eaſe; and little or none to what conduces to the eaſe of others. This diſpoſition is by no means very uncommon; but Mr. Mango poſſeſſed it in rather a greater degree than uſual. In him, however, this did not proceed from any poſitive cruelty of temper; but merely from an indolence of mind, which prevented him from ever thinking of any body's ſenſations but his own. In the Eaſt Indies, where men of his fortune travel in palanquins, have ſlaves to fan the flies from them while they repoſe, and are ſurrounded by the moſt obſequious dependants, this kind of indulgence of ſelf, and forgetfulneſs of others, may be carried greater lengths without a check than in England. Mr. Mango was obliged to his wife for inſtructing him, that another perſon in his own family, beſide himſelf, had a will of their own; and that it would tend to his tranquillity to follow that perſon's will inſtead of his own. This ſhe accompliſhed without the aſſiſtance of genius; and without any talent whatever, except obſtinacy; for in all other reſpects ſhe was a weak woman. She made it a rule to inſiſt, with unremitting perſeverance, on every meaſure ſhe propoſed, until it was adopted: and, by adhering to this ſimple rule, all her meaſures were ſooner or later adopted: for what point will not a man give up, rather than bear an eternal harping on the ſame ſtring?

After Mrs. Mango had obtained the great object of her voyage to the Eaſt Indies, her next was to prevail on her huſband to return to England: where the ſplendour in which ſhe propoſed to live was more flattering to her imagination than the luxuries at her command where ſhe was. Mr. Mango informed her, that the ſituation of his affairs required that his family ſhould remain another year in the Eaſt Indies; and ſhe informed him, that it would be better for him and his family to return that very ſeaſon to England. She repeated this every day, and every hour of the day, for a month; after which the whole family embarked.

On their paſſage home, the wife was obſerved to be in good ſpirits, even when the weather was bad; whereas the huſband complained of ſickneſs, even when the weather was good: and a little before they arrived at Portſmouth, he acknowledged to one of the paſſengers, that his laſt *contract* was the moſt unfortunate one he had ever made.

He had hardly any acquaintance in London; and he was not much flattered by that of his wife's relations. Mr. and Mrs. Mango were, therefore, ſeldom together; and he appeared rather low ſpirited for ſome time after their arrival: yet, when ſhe aſked him how he liked London, he had the politeneſs to anſwer, that, on the whole he preferred it to living a board a ſhip.

By habit London became leſs diſagreeable to him; and as he ſaw little of his wife, and had formed ſome new acquaintance, whoſe ſociety amuſed him, he began to get the better of his dejection, when his ſpouſe opened on him a new ſource of vexation, which laſted all his life.

Mr. Mango's Chriſtian-name was Jeremiah. When a boy at ſchool, his comrades, for ſome whimſical reaſon, when they wiſhed to teaze him, uſed to call him Sir Jeremiah. Nothing provoked him ſo much; and he held in utter abhorrence the appellation ever after. He never ſigned Jeremiah, but always J. Mango. His correſpondents were inſtructed to addreſs their letters to him in the ſame manner. If he received one with Jeremiah at full length, it put him out of humour the whole day.

Moſt unfortunately for this gentleman, the huſband of one of his wife's acquaintance was knighted; and his ſpouſe, of courſe, inſtead of Mrs. Lotion, was called Lady Lotion. This was a great mortification to Mrs. Mango, who conſidered herſelf as the ſuperior of this acquaintance, becauſe her huſband was richer, and becauſe, as ſhe aſſerted, ſhe was ſprung from a more ancient and honourable family of grocers than the other.

Mr. Mango having come home one day in a gayer humour than uſual to dinner—after a little preface, his ſpouſe ſaid, that his friends were ſurpriſed he did not apply to be created a knight.

The poor man turned pale in an inſtant, and burſt into a cold ſweat: he well knew the conſequence of having that dignity conferred on him would be to have the deteſted name of Sir Jeremiah ſounded in his ears for the reſt of his life. He had often thanked his ſtars that this idea had never entered his wife's head, and had once cautioned one of his friends never to mention, in her preſence, the name of a relation of his, who made a continual diſplay of a foreign badge upon his breaſt, and had Sir pronounced before his name. The ſame friend told me, that Mr. Mango, in the fullneſs of his heart, on this affecting ſubject, had expreſſed himſelf, with ſome variation, in the words of Othello:

" It

———" It has pleaſed Heaven
" To try me with affliction,
" To ſteep me in marriage to the very lips,
" To give to captivity me and my utmoſt hopes;
" Yet ſtill I find, in ſome place of my ſoul,
" A drop of comfort.—I am not yet
" A fixed figure for the hand of ſcorn
" To point his ſlow unmoving finger at."

" For," continued he, in a leſs emphatic tone, " though I hear frequently of wives teaſing their huſbands to apply to be made knights, yet that curſed fantaſy has never occurred to mine; and I hope to ſlip quietly out of the world without being branded with the horrid appellation of Sir Jeremiah."

Such being Mr. Mango's ſentiments, it is eaſy to imagine how much he muſt have been ſhocked at what his wife ſaid. He made no immediate reply, having ſome faint hope that it was a tranſient idea which ſhe might never reſume. But when Mrs. Mango repeated what ſhe had ſaid, he meekly repreſented to her the horror he felt at the thought of having the odious name of Sir Jeremiah continually reſounded in his ears, and earneſtly begged that ſhe would not inſiſt on a meaſure which would ſubject him to ſuch a mortification.

To this Mrs. Mango replied, that he was to blame in diſliking the name of Jeremiah; that, though not a royal name, like thoſe of David, and Solomon, and Rehoboam, and others, yet it was a ſcripture name as much as any of them, and the name of a great prophet; that, though the French revolution had diminiſhed the number of kings, and increaſed that of prophets, yet a great prophet was as great a rarity as a great king, and in ſhort time, perhaps, would be a greater; that the appellation of Sir Jeremiah, therefore, was at leaſt as reſpectable as that of Sir any thing elſe. She alſo repreſented that every alderman, contractor, apothecary, phyſician, and broker in London, who had ſcraped together one half of his fortune, applied to be created a baronet or knight; that the difference was nothing to her; and as he had no children, was as little to him; but that it was indiſpenſably neceſſary that he ſhould be the one or the other.

Mr. Mango was too well acquainted with the perſevering temper of his wife to have any hope, after this declaration, of prevailing on her to renounce her whim. He well knew that the ſame repreſentation, in more acrimonious terms, would be made to him at breakfaſt, dinner, and ſupper, as

well as in bed, until the point was carried: he therefore thought it beſt to conteſt the matter no longer; but, making a virtue of neceſſity, applied to a friend who had ſome ſmall intereſt at court, and he was ſoon after created a knight, and was, to his ſorrow, denominated Sir Jeremiah; and his wife, to her great ſatisfaction, became Lady Mango.

After this, ſhe gave entertainments more unmercifully than ever; ſhe invited all the Weſt as well as the Eaſt Indies to her routs and aſſemblies, at which ſhe glitters with gold and jewels, like the Queen of Sheba at Bartholomew-fair, and never fails to gather ſuch a crowd, that her company are as well ſqueezed as at any aſſembly or rout within the bills of mortality. I was preſent at one in very hot weather, when ſeveral women fainted; and a corpulent lady, dreſſed in black, with a maſs of white plumage on her head, happening to enter at the inſtant, Mr. Traver's, who ſtood by me, ſaid, "Thank Heaven! here comes a hearſe to carry off the dead bodies."

But poor Mr. Mango did not long ſurvive the name of Sir Jeremiah; it gave a knell to his heart, and a kind of hectic ſuffuſed his cheek as often as he heard it pronounced. He dwindled and died at no diſtant date after he received the honour of knighthood.

Though his fate was evident ſeveral weeks before it took place, Mrs. Mango would never admit that he was in any danger, nor ever altered her own way of living. She told her company, that he delighted in ſeeing every body merry around him: but when ſhe was told that her huſband was actually dead, ſhe made as great a diſplay of ſurprize and ſorrow as if, in the midſt of perfect health, he had dropped down in an apoplexy.

Her ſorrow, however, became real, when his laſt will was examined. She knew that he had made one will, by which ſhe was left a large ſum; but ſhe did not know that he had afterward made another, cancelling the firſt, and leaving the whole of his fortune among his relations; ſo that ſhe has nothing but the jointure granted by her contract of marriage. That, however, is ſufficiently ample to enable her to indulge her only paſſion, by giving frequent entertainments, in all of which ſhe is ſure to appear as ridiculous, though not ſo magnificently dreſſed, as in the days of her huſband.

We are not among the number of thoſe who are diſpoſed to pity Sir Jeremiah. His ſubmitting to the caprices of ſo unreaſonable a being, betoken him to have been little better than an idiot, or that, at leaſt, he behaved like one. There is

nothing more diſgraceful to a woman, want of chaſtity excepted, than expecting from her huſband unreaſonable ſubmiſſions. If ſhe renders him contemptible, ſhe renders herſelf moſt completely ſo at the ſame time, and thoſe who know the parties ſcarcely know which moſt to deſpiſe, the huſband who does not keep up the dignity of one, or the wife who wants to uſurp his authority, while ſhe neglects to fulfil the duties God has enjoined her to perform.

Deſcription of the Palace of the Lama of Tibet.

[From Captain Turner's Embaſſy to that Kingdom.]

THE caſtle, or palace, of Taſſiſudon ſtands near the centre of the valley, and is a building of ſtone, of a quadrangular form. The length of the front exceeds that of the ſides by one-third: the walls are lofty, and as I conjecture upwards of thirty feet high, and they are ſloped a little from the foundation to the top. Above the middle ſpace is a row of projecting balconies, to each of which are curtains made of black hair, which are always drawn at night: below, the walls are pierced with very ſmall windows, which I judge to be intended rather for the purpoſe of admitting air than light.

There are two entrances into the palace: the one facing the ſouth is by a flight of wooden ſteps, edged with plates of iron, beginning on a level with the ground on the outſide, and riſing to the more elevated terrace within, the whole being comprehended within the thickneſs of the wall. The other, the grand entrance, is on the eaſt front, which is aſcended by a flight of ſtone ſteps. Even with theſe we entered a ſpacious gateway, having two maſſy doors, fortified with knobs of iron, which ſtand above the ſurface of the wood; a large bar of timber, ſliding within the maſonry, ſerves to ſecure them when ſhut. We paſſed through this gateway, and came oppoſite to the central ſquare building, which I muſt call the citadel; and this is the habitation of the ſupreme Lama. It contains alſo the chief of their idols, Mahamoonie, amidſt a multitude of others of inferior note. Both to the right and left, the way leads to ſpacious ſquares, paved with flat ſtones, and to the apartments of the Lama. The citadel is connected with the weſtern angle; and there is a communication from the varanda, or covered gallery, which adjoins to it.

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The citadel is a very lofty building, being no leſs than ſeven ſtories high, each from fifteen to eighteen feet; it is covered over with a roof of a low pitch, compoſed of fir timbers, ſheathed with boards of deal, which project on each ſide a great way beyond the walls: from the centre there riſes a ſquare piece of maſonry, which ſupports a canopy of copper, richly gilt; and this is ſuppoſed to be immediately over the great idol, Mahamoonie. Lam'. Rimbochay, the preſent Daeb Raja, lives upon the fourth floor from the ground; above that there are two other ſtories; and the ſeventh ladder leads to the temple of Mahamoonie, which is covered with the gilded canopy.

We now left the citadel, to take a view of the reſt of the building, and found the eaſt, weſt, and ſouth angles, exactly correſponding with each other, in having apartments on the ground floor appropriated for depoſiting all kinds of ſtores. A covered gallery runs all round them; beneath which are ſubterraneous places, ſerving for kitchens. A range of good rooms, with boarded floors, on the firſt ſtory, accommodates all the officers of ſtate, who are attendant on the Raja; and theſe again towards the ſquare, are ſkirted by a deep varanda, ſupported by a row of handſome pillars, whoſe capitals are ornamented with carved work and gilding, and their ſides painted with vermillion. The varandas are lofty and broad, and are not, in my opinion, without an air of magnificence.

Over this ſtory is a ſort of terrace of cement, with rooms more roughly finiſhed, which are intended for the inferior officers, ſtiled Zeenkaubs; they are covered only by the roof, which is conſtructed in the uſual manner, of croſs beams of fir, reſting upon upright poſts, and planks of deal placed on them, with large ſtones to keep them down. Theſe beams are ſupported high above the walls, and project far beyond them. The north ſquare is, in appearance, a very confuſed aſſemblage of apartments: I fear, therefore, that it will ſcarcely be poſſible to give an intelligible deſcription of it: let it then ſuffice to ſay, that it is compoſed of a motley mixture of kitchens, cells, and temples.

An Account of the City of Macao, by M. Van Braam Houckgeeſt, ſecond Perſon in the late Embaſſy of the Dutch Eaſt India Company to the Emperor of China.

M. VAN BRAAM having been ſeveral years in the city of Canton, in the ſervice of the Dutch Eaſt India

Company, and ſince the year 1766, having principally dwelt at Macao, had many opportunities of examining the ſituation and ſtate of that city. In the preceding century it was one of the moſt flouriſhing places in the Eaſt Indies, and would have been ſo ſtill if it had been inhabited by a commercial and induſtrious nation, ſuch as the Engliſh, French, or Dutch, but the pride and lazineſs of its preſent inhabitants augment daily its decay.

The city of Macao, which the Chineſe call Oumoun (fine port), is ſituated in 22 degrees, 20 min. of north latitude, in an advantageous and agreeable poſition, about 30 leagues ſouth of Canton, upon the point of an iſland. About half a league to the north of the city is the wall of ſeparation, about the middle of which there is a gate and an edifice deſigned for the abode of the commandant, from which there is a view on all ſides. To the north of this gate there is a Chineſe guard under the command of an officer, or a Mandarine, for the purpoſe of preventing any European from going out, and eſpecially to take care leſt any prieſt or miſſionary ſhould go into the Chineſe territory. This wall is regarded as a real barrier, becauſe it is the key of Macao, with which the Chineſe can ſubdue this city, and compel its government to comply with their will. Such is the ſituation of the place, that all manner of proviſions muſt be brought into Macao from without by the Chineſe;—ſo that the Mandarines, upon the leaſt diſturbance, threaten to ſhut this gate and ſtarve the city; and it has been proved by many examples, that they were able to execute their threats. It is in this manner that the Chineſe obtain all they pleaſe to demand or even hint at. There are more Chineſe than Portugueſe at preſent in this city. The Portugueſe government there is but the ſhadow of what it formerly was; and the Chineſe regency labour daily to diminiſh it ſtill more; and in general the Mandarines ſhew but little deference for the Portugueſe.

Macao is regarded as a moſt delightful ſituation, on account of the ſuperb proſpects which ſurround it. Nature, without departing from her noble ſimplicity, ſeems to have taken pleaſure in adorning this ſpot with the moſt captivating views, and in ſcattering beauties which the attentive contemplator finds ever new, ſo laviſhing is variety here of her charms. The eye, while it ſurveys this pleaſing abode, is enchanted by the proſpects which it offers; on the one ſide the moſt lofty mountains and elevated rocks piled upon each other, whoſe ſummits brave the moſt horrible tempeſts, ſeem to defy the ravages of time; on the other ſide, the oppoſitions of light and

and ſhade form effects which the pencil of nature alone is able to produce; here a little hill covered with evergreens; there a valley where the uſeful labourer tills the abundant ſoil. What picture can be more beautiful than that of thoſe fields of nouriſhing grain, from which the inhabitant of Aſia draws his favourite ſubſiſtence, loaded with undulating ſtalks, which by their ſhade invite the reaper. They fall, it is true, under the ſickle; but it is for the purpoſe of forming ſheaves which reward ſo abundantly the labours and the cares of the huſbandman. How pleaſing is the contemplation of ſuch a ſcene to a man of ſenſibility! With how many delightful thoughts muſt it fill his mind!

So far from conſidering that the city of Macao has all the advantages which might make it a principal ſeat of commerce, and that it ought on this account to be made reſpectable for all other nations, the government does not even think of keeping it in a good ſtate of defence, and neglects it in every reſpect. It ſeems that Portugal regards it only as a proper place for the ſpreading of miſſionaries in the interior of China; ſhe evidently believes, that without Macao this deſign cannot be accompliſhed, becauſe the Europeans are too much watched at Canton, to make it poſſible to be effected there. Even at Macao, the vigilance of the Mandarines is ſo continual and exact, that an attempt to introduce a miſſionary into the territory of China, offers at the ſame time the idea of a great difficulty and a great danger.

The crown of Portugal has granted ſome advantageous privileges to Macao; ſhe allows her ſubjects to go and eſtabliſh themſelves there; ſhe expends no money upon the city, neither does ſhe draw any revenue from it. The place is therefore left to its own reſources for ſupport. The ſituation being ſomewhat elevated, the ſoil dry and ſandy, and the climate temperate, renders it a very healthful abode. In the months of December, January, and February, the weather is the ſevereſt, though it cannot be compared to that of the north of Europe. Nevertheleſs it is ſometimes almoſt inſupportable to the Portugueſe.

In 1759, Van Braam ſaw ice at Canton an inch and a half thick, but ſuch an event has never happened ſince. The city is conſiderably large; it is eſtimated to contain twelve hundred houſes, without including the public edifices. The houſes are in general very old and much out of repair, but there are ſtill remaining ſome veſtiges of ancient grandeur, ſuch as large and beautiful ſtone ſtair-caſes, vaſt ſaloons, and large apartments, but without any regular order of architecture.

ture. The walls of the houſes are built of an equal mixture of ſand and earth, and one ſeventh part of lime; there are very few of brick, becauſe that article is too dear at Macao.

The inhabitants are compoſed of Portugueſe, of Chineſe, and a great number of ſlaves of both ſexes, and of different Indian nations, ſo that a particular name is wanting to ſpecify this corrupt and degenerated race; for the number of real Portugueſe is but ſmall; the major part of thoſe who call themſelves ſo, having proceeded from a mixture of Portugueſe, of Chineſe, of Malays, or inhabitants of Cafraria, &c. From the firſt mongrel breed there have been produced Creoles and other combinations, which in their turn have alſo produced other mixtures, ſo that it is impoſſible to find, in any other place in the world, a ſimilar amalgamation of all nations, of figures ſo fantaſtical, and of ſuch variegated ſhades from white to the deepeſt black, paſſing through all the tranſitions of yellow and brown.

Among the female ſex, which compoſe more than two-thirds of the population, beauties are as ſcarce as white feathers among crows. When it is conſidered that the women are ſo much more numerous than the men, and that very few of the latter undertake any *thing* to gain their ſubſiſtence, becauſe they regard mendicity as leſs ſhameful than labour, it will not appear aſtoniſhing that the greateſt miſery reigns throughout Macao; and, that the little which the men do gain becomes the lot of the Chineſe, who do every thing, and are the only merchants, ſhopkeepers, and workmen, even in the timber-yards.

Miſery increaſes to ſuch a height, that not only is the weekly diſtribution of alms attended every Saturday by a thouſand or twelve hundred women and children, but it often happens that charity is petitioned for in the public ſtreets and ways, by perſons very well dreſſed, having ſwords by their ſides, by officers of the garriſon, and what is ſtill more, by a Knight of Chriſt, decorated with the croſs of his order. Theſe perſons implore the liberality of ſtrangers, becauſe they know that it would be uſeleſs to fatigue their countrymen with lamentations and ſighs, which would never affect their feelings.

The poverty and the decay of the city of Macao ought to be attributed to the pride and idleneſs of the firſt Portugueſe who inhabited it. Even at preſent they are ſo much prejudiced againſt becoming either artizans or ſhopkeepers, that thoſe employments are principally filled by Chineſe, who, though they are not permitted to be the proprietors of any

houſes within the city, compoſe that claſs of inhabitants which are the moſt eſſentially neceſſary to Macao, which would certainly come to ruin without their induſtry.

Sketch of the Character, and an Account of the melancholy Accident which occaſioned the Death of William Boſanquet, Eſq.

ON Saturday, the 21ſt of June, 1800, died at his houſe in Harley-ſtreet, William Boſanquet, Eſq. banker in London. The immediate cauſe of his death was one of thoſe accidents which humanity muſt ſincerely deplore, but which human prudence and foreſight cannot avert. On the preceding Wedneſday, Mr. Boſanquet had paſſed the evening in company with a viſitor, in the well-regulated enjoyments of ſocial intercourſe, and, after ſpending a few hours at chefs, was retiring at eleven o'clock. In the poſſeſſion of full health, an ample fortune, a beautiful and amiable wife, who had already produced him ten children, ſurrounded by numerous friends, and, in the prime of his days, Mr. Boſanquet might be contemplated at that moment as a pattern of perfect felicity, as an object by which the human heart might be taught to regulate its deſires, and the feveriſh irritability of human vanity have found calmneſs and ſolace: in this moment, to this happy man, was read the awful and impreſſive leſſon of the inſtability of worldly felicity; in this moment were his relatives and the world to be taught, by a dreadful example, "what ſhadows we are, and what ſhadows we purſue."

He lifted up a window on the firſt floor, and, forgetting that the balcony had been removed for the purpoſe of making ſome repairs, ſtepped out, fell and diſlocated the vertebræ of his back, in a manner which precluded all hope of recovery. Here the malice of fortune was exhauſted, and the man diveſted of all adventitious advantages, was left to the unaided exertion of his own powers; here the character of the unfortunate ſufferer really triumphed, and the man who prudently limits his wiſhes to that ſcene, which every one muſt ſooner or later experience, may contemplate with admiration the final hours of Mr. Boſanquet. Stretched on the bed, which it could not be diſſembled from him was the bed of death, and racked with the excruciating torture reſulting from his accident, he behaved in a manner which evinced the advantages

vantages derived from a firm belief in the pure doctrines of Chriſtianity. No expreſſion of impatience, no unmanly complaint, eſcaped him, and he awaited with becoming and dignified fortitude, the period which he well knew to be inevitable.

Mrs. Boſanquet, at the time the fatal accident happened, was abſent at Norwich; ſhe poſted to town, and had the woeful felicity to arrive while her huſband was alive and ſenſible. Few minds can conceive, and no human eloquence can deſcribe, the agonies of ſuch an interview. To his laſt moments, Mr. Boſanquet was anxiouſly and attentively employed in aſſuaging the grief, and contributing to the future welfare of his relations, friends, and dependants. He expired in the 43d year of his age. His character is thus ably delineated by one, who, to uſe his own expreſſion, "knew him well; admired him much; and laments him deeply."

"Mr. Boſanquet was not only a moſt affectionate huſband, a moſt fond and attentive father, an excellent ſon, and the kindeſt brother, but he was likewiſe a gentleman of the fineſt literary attainments. Nature had done much for him, education more. He poſſeſſed a fine taſte, improved by the richeſt claſſical ſtores, and as a gentleman and a ſcholar, was much admired in the ſuperior circles of life. The prominent feature of his character was an elevated and glowing ſenſe of honour, which is the germ of all that is good or great in man. He poſſeſſed an exquiſite ſenſibility of diſpoſition, not that emaſculated ſenſibility that can droop over a novel, but that manly ſenſibility, energetic as his character, which, electrified by diſtreſs, made him prompt to feel for it, and active to relieve it. Into every ſcene of human woe, or human want, which came within his obſervation, he largely entered. As a friend, to his friends he was invaluable; as a father to his children, the incomparable virtues of his afflicted widow alone can mitigate their irreparable loſs; and as a valuable member of the community, he will long be regretted by the pariſh of Mary-le-Bone, of which he was one of the brighteſt, as well as moſt uſeful ornaments. Without affectation, Mr. Boſanquet was ſincerely religious; and uniformly conſtant in his attendance on divine worſhip. Though cut off in the prime of life, and under circumſtances peculiarly calculated to diſturb his laſt moments, yet they were tranquil and compoſed. A ſerene mind enabled him, under the moſt excruciating ſufferings, to meet with reſignation their agony; whilſt a life of virtue, ſuſtaining him in the arms of death, taught him to look with hope to their final reward, in the mercies of his God."

An eaſy Method to obtain Yeaſt for Baking.

TAKE half a pint of good yeaſt, and dip therein ſprigs of holly. The yeaſt, if ſufficiently thick, will adhere to the leaves; theſe muſt be hung up in ſome dry place, free from ſmoke or duſt, and they will keep good many weeks. When wanted for uſe, take two or more of the leaves, according to the quantity of yeaſt wanted, and waſh them in about half a pint of warm water, in the ſame manner as you would uſe a piece of ſoap for raiſing a lather. This water will anſwer all the purpoſes of barm.

MULTIPLICATION.

HILLEL, the Rabbi, ſays, "He that multiplieth fleſh, multiplieth vermin; he that multiplieth eſtates, multiplieth care; he that multiplieth females, multiplieth enchantments; he that multiplieth female-ſervants, multiplieth fornication; he that multiplieth men-ſervants, multiplieth rapine; but he that multiplieth law, multiplieth life; he that multiplieth ſtudy, multiplieth ſagacity; he that multiplieth counſel, multiplieth prudence; he that multiplieth juſtice, multiplieth peace."

Anſwer, by J. B. Chivers, of St. Auſtell, to the Queſtion taken from the Ladies Diary, and inſerted May 19.

PUT x = the ſine of the required arch; then will $\sqrt{100-x^2}$, denote its co-ſine, and $\frac{10x}{\sqrt{100-x^2}}$ its tangent. Now per queſtion, $\frac{10x}{\sqrt{100-x^2}} = 3x$: Hence $x = 9{,}42809$ c, and the arch correſponding therewith by Dr. Hutton's tables is $15° 33'$ nearly. Q. E. D.

Anſwer, by Oedipus, of Yeovil, to Recluſe's Enigma, inſerted January 13.

VARIETY doth love deſtroy,
Occaſions many a tear;

Giving a zeſt to tranſient joy,
Which follow'd is by care.

May lovely woman deign to ſmile,
And evermore be known!
Life's tedious hours to beguile,
With conſtancy to one.

Anſwer, by Serjeant Whittle, of the Upway Volunteers, to C. N.'s Charade, inſerted June 30.

THE dryad if I gueſs aright
WOOD-NYMPH you meant when you did write.

*** We have received the like anſwer from R. Andrews, and J. King, of Kingſbridge; Thomas Whicker, of Exeter; W. Bickham, jun. of Aſhburton; Thomas Jarvis, of Malborough; Philom. of Teingmouth; J. Ball, jun. Taunton; Serjeant Aſh, of the Exminſter Volunteers; G. Coulman, of Broadhempſton; J. Field, of Staverton; W. Rennels, of Barnſtaple; und E. Robins, of St. Auſtell.

A CHARADE, *by R. Thomas, of Exeter.*

MY firſt the ſailors wiſh to gain
When dreadful tempeſts riſe;
When dire convulſions ſhake the main,
And thunders rend the ſkies.

A coin my ſecond will unfold,
Thoſe parts connect aright,
A boundary then which forms my whole
Will clear appear to ſight.

An ANAGRAM, *by W. Bickham, Jun. of Aſhburton.*

A Night-bird, Sirs, aright tranſpoſe,
Which I portentous deem;
The ſtate of thoſe who're poor and mean
Will ſolve my myſtic theme.
A letter add, again invert,
A rav'nous beaſt you'll name;
And which if you again convert
'Twill ſhew a bird that's tame.

POETRY.

For the WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

ODE *to* HOPE.

COME, hope! thou bleſſing from above,
Fair offspring of eternal love,
Thou lenient balm of grief;
When troubles riſe in frightful form,
On life's rough ſea in bitter ſtorm,
Thou canſt afford relief.

When ſorrows rack the aching heart,
Thy friendly aid thou doſt impart,
And ſoothe the ſuff'ring mind;
Say, who this load of life could bear,
Didſt thou not kindly interfere,
With luſtre all divine?

The wretch that's exil'd from his home,
Deſtin'd o'er foreign lands to roam,
Of every friend bereft;
Thro' the dark clouds that intervene,
Perceives thy light, and courts thy gleam,
While ſorrows him beſet.

The captives in their wretched cell,
Where ſighs, and groans, and darkneſs dwell,
And clanking chains reſound;
Thy cheering ray their minds illume,
And diſſipates the diſmal gloom,
While ſtretch'd upon the ground.

When dreadful thunders loudly roll,
Which ſhake the earth from pole to pole,
And vivid lightnings glare;
When o'er the deep the billows riſe
In frightful form, and lave the ſkies,
Which fills each ſoul with fear.

While dreadful anguiſh and deſpair
In every ſailor's face appear,
And brings each danger nigh;
'Tis thou that diſſipates the gloom,
Fair hope! thy radiant rays illume,
And quell the riſing ſigh.

When war, with all its horrors, reigns,
The dead and dying ſtrew the plain,
And commerce droops its head;
The widow, and the orphan child,
Look up to thy benignant ſmile,
And court thy friendly aid.

The

The Chriſtian too, when panting breath,
Proclaims the near approach of death,
His ardent wiſhes riſe;
Celeſtial hope! thy brightening ray,
Points out an everlaſting day
Beyond the vaulted ſkies.

P. GOVE, Schoolmaſter.

Magdalen-ſtreet, Exeter, Auguſt 18, 1800.

ELEGY.

MY mind is heavy, and my thoughts are ſad,
My boſom heaves the ſigh of heartfelt grief!
Surrounding objects do no more look glad,
Nor can afford my burthen'd ſoul relief.

My wife is fled; my ever-loving wife
Is now no more! Ah! ſad diſtracting thought—
But Heaven, I truſt, will yet prolong my life,
To teach my children what they ſhould be taught.

Henceforth be it my pride, and all my care,
To bring them up, and learn them virtue's law,
For this, I hope, that God my life will ſpare,
And I thereby reſume my loſt repoſe.

My child, my youngeſt child is alſo flown,
To God and Heaven!—why ſhould I grieve at this?
Perhaps he's been permitted to come down
And guide his mother to the realms of bliſs.

Teach me, oh God! ere I reſign my breath,
To look to thee, and form aright my heart,
That I may, when my eyes are cloſ'd in death,
Rejoin my partner, never more to part.

The RAINY DAY.

WHEN clouds the weſtern ſky obſcure,
And veil the radiant lamp of night;
When faſt deſcends the humid ſhow'r,
And fills the landſcape with affright;

Suffus'd the verdant carpet lies,
Each flower reclines its weeping head;
The woods and groves in broken ſighs,
A dirge-like cadence widely ſpread.

The flocks in bleating ſounds deplore
The mournful aſpect of the plains;
The feather'd choir is heard no more
To ſpread around their rapt'rous ſtrains.

The winds deep-moaning beat the air,
To vent their much-impeded force;
And, in the accents of deſpair,
Lag on their deſultory courſe.

Ah then! ſupremely bleſt are they
Whoſe even minds in calmneſs wait,
Till the drear gloom ſhall paſs away,
And nature wear her former ſtate.